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THE  
SHAM BEGGAR

A  
COMEDY.

IN

TWO ACTS.

As it is now acting at the THEATRE in DUBLIN  
with very great Applause.



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M. DCC. LVI.

®



T O

*CHARLES STOW*, Esq;

S I R,

**P**ARDON my Presumption in claiming your Protection for so inconsiderable a Performance. — To whom should I apply for Patronage but to him who is the Father of the Fatherless, the Comfort of the Afflicted, and the Reliever of the Poor and Distressed? — Yet, when I reflect upon your Accuracy and Judgment, as a *Critic*, I am almost afraid to present myself before the Bar of so penetrating a Tribunal; but when I reflect upon your Humanity and Good-nature, as a *Gentleman*, I am encouraged to do it.

A 2

You

iv DEDICATION.

You are very sensible that the best cultivated Land is productive of some Weeds, and that the very best Performances are not entirely free from Errors and Imperfections: I am far from saying this is; but such as you find, I hope you will be so generous as to overlook; and regardless of the Tares of Faults, observe nothing but the Corn of Beauties; and, if they should afford you any Pleasure in the Perusal, I am fully satisfied.

I shall evade the usual Custom of long Panegyricks; if I should speak my real Sentiments, I am confident you would accuse me of Flattery; therefore wishing you Health and long Life, for the Benefit of my Country,

*I am, Sir,*

*Your most obedient; and*

*most obliged humble Servant,*

J. C.





# PROLOGUE.

*Spoken in the Character of a Lame  
Beggar.*

*BE* not surpris'd in this Dramatic Age,  
To see a Cripple limping on the Stage.  
I've seen Comedians active, gay, and smart,  
That did but very lamely act their Part.  
My Friend, the Author, did so beg and pray,  
That I would speak a Prologue to his Play:  
I could not, for my Soul, his Suit deny;  
The Bonds of Friendship forc'd me to comply.

But, now I'm here, I know not what to say;  
The Audience too, perhaps, may run away,  
To hear a Beggar's Prologue to a Play.

But I'm no Courtier, and must keep my Word,  
Or else my Reputation may be blurr'd;  
I therefore am resolv'd to do my best,  
And to your Mercy I repose the rest.

Dear worthy Sirs, your Charity bestow  
On my poetic Friend, and mourn his Woe;  
Who sifted all the Marrow from his Brains,  
To furnish Wit in these dramatic Strains;  
Have Pity, therefore, and reward his Pains.

*Should*

*Should captious Critics trifling Faults espy,  
Hiss! Hiss!—damn'd stupid!—Hiss! they quickly  
cry:*

*Hiss on, I say, that's not a great Mishap,  
I'd rather gain a Hiss than modern Clap.  
A Hiss must cause the Author Pain, sans fail,  
But Claps I've often heard may fire the Tail.*

*I neither ask, or wish for greater Alms,  
Than just to hear the clapping of your Palms,  
And I, with Fervency, will ever pray,  
From this Time forward to my dying Day,  
That you on Earth may be compleatly blest'd,  
And in Elisium have eternal Rest.*

### Dramatis Personæ.

*Limp, alias Sir Anthony Oddity, the Sham Beggar.  
Lovewell.*

*Justice Ipmartial.  
Irishman.*

*1st Sailor.*

*2d Sailor.*

*1st Gentleman.*

*2d Gentleman.*

*Constables, &c.*

### W O M E N.

*Leonora, Limp's Daughter.*

*A French Woman, &c.*

**T H E**



THE  
SHAM BEGGAR.

A  
Dramatic Satire.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

LIMP *Solus, with Crutches, and disguised as a Beggar.*

L I M P.

**H**E's a happy Man who thinks himself  
so;—that's my Philosophy: And a  
Beggar may be as happy as a Prince:  
This I can affirm; for, 'Faith, I am  
much better satisfied with these two *Wooden-  
Proppers*, than some Monarchs are with a Crown  
and Sceptre.

B

*Enter*

*Enter a Clergyman.*

Heav'n's blefs your Honour, Sir, beftow a fmall Matter upon a poor old Cripple; for the Lord's Sake do:—I affure you I have not had a Morfel of Bread nor a Drop of Beer within my Lips thefe two Days. Do, good Sir, give me one Farthing, for the Lord in Heaven's Sake!

*Cl.* Don't teaze me with your Impertinence; I have nothing for you.

*Limp.* Do, pray, Dear Sir, beftow your Charity, if it is but the Tythe-Part of a Farthing.—I only entreat you to do your Duty, Sir; you are clad like a Chriftian Teacher, and therefore you ought to act as a Chriftian, and beftow your Alms upon me, who am a very proper Object of your Charity.—As you give good Advice, fet good Examples, left People fhould think you are only in Jelt.

*Cl.* Silence!—Why don't you go to the *Parish* you belong to, and let them provide for you?

*Limp.* Why, Sir, I love to be provided for by more Parishes than one; and I am very fure you can't blame me for that, becaufe it is following your Example; for I never heard of a Clergyman in the whole Courfe of my Life that chofe to be ftinted to the Provision of one Parifh.

*Cl.* This is a fharp Felllow. (*afide*)—Pray now, by what Means were you reduced to this Extremity of Want? You really have a  
very



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very creditable Look, notwithstanding you are clothed in Rags.

*Limp.* Ay, Sir, you shou'd pay no Regard to the Look of a Thing; that I know by Experience: For I have seen a Fox look like a Goose, and I have seen a Goose look like a Fox; I have seen Hypocrisy look like Charity, Cunning and Craft like Wisdom, Malice like Meekness, and Lewdness like Modesty: Nay, (you'll pardon my Freedom, Sir,) though you look like a learned sensible and good Sort of a Man, you, perhaps, are quite the contrary. The Lord bless ye, Sir, bestow your Charity: Do, dear Sir, do!

*Cl.* You take a very wrong Method, Friend, to excite Compassion: I am apt to think you are a little craz'd.

*Limp.* Why really, Sir, I must confess you have very great Reason to think so; for a Man in his right Senses wou'd never ask *Charity of a Parson.*

*Cl.* You are a very impudent Rascal. However, as you are a Fellow of some Humour, there's a Penny for ye. (*giving him a Penny.*)

*Limp.* Heaven bless your Honour; the Lord bless your Honour.

[*Exit Clergyman.*]

*Limp.* Wonderful! wonderful! wonderful! —Can I believe my Eyes! —Well, now I may say what I never cou'd before in my Life—A Penny from a Parson! —The Devil's in't if this don't deserve a Place amongst *Sir Hans Sloane's Curiosities* —But hold — —'Egad, they're both

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bad Ha'-pence, he he he—but here come your Souls!

*Enter two Sailors.*

The Lord bless ye, Gentlemen, bestow a small Matter upon your poor old Brother Tarr.

*1st Sailor.* What have you been a Sailor, old Cock?

*Limp.* Ay, Heaven knows I have been in many a Tempest: My first Voyage, Gentlemen, was from the Port of *Innocence* to the Port of *Youth*; where I was very desirous to stay, but our cursed Captain (whose Name was *Time*) oblig'd me to sail with him to the Island of *Old Age*; where I am now an Inhabitant; and am in the actual Possession of Age, grey Hairs, Impotence, Lameness, Pains, dire Infirmities, and Raggs.—All this, Brothers, together with a Discharge, I have obtained by sailing.—Brave Encouragement for ye, Boys! Brave Encouragement!

*2d Sailor.* This is a damn'd queer Deg, 'ent he *Jack*?—But hark'e, old Boy, what Ship did you belong to?

*Limp.* What Ship?

*2d Sailor.* Ay.

*Limp.* Why, the Name of the Ship was *Pleasure*, and the Pilot's Name was *Inclination*; and a bloody entertaining comical Son of a Whore he was; but steered most confounded bad, and often brought us into very great Danger, with a Pox to him.

*1st Sailor.*

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*1st Sailor.* Damme, ye old Rascal, this is all a cursed Lye: However, as you are such a queer Son of Whore, here's a Shilling for ye, and be damn'd to ye.

*2d Sailor.* And here's another Shilling for ye, Mr. Devil.

*Limp.* The Lord bless ye, Gentlemen, Heaven's bless ye.

*1st Sailor.* Now Daddy, I advise you to go and pick up a damn'd large Jack Whore, and spend One Shilling upon her.

*2d Sailor.* Damme, Jack, come along.

*Limp.* For Shame—Gentlemen! for Shame!

[*Exeunt Sailors.*]

I pick up a Whore!—The Lord knows I have no more occasion for a Whore than the Earl of *Impotence* had for a Wife when he married Mr. *Love-title's Daughter*, a young Lady of about *eighteen*, and he almost *eighty*. Ay, I warrant the poor Girl lays a Bed and stretches, and yawns and wishes as much for her dear Consort's Death, and a brisk young Fellow to supply his Place, as Physicians do for a raging Sickness; or, as some Curates do for the Death of an Incumbent, when they have obtained a Promise to succeed him——Egad, though I must change my Stand,—for here are very few Passengers come this Way.

[*Exit Limp.*]

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

*Lovewell and Leonora.*

*Leon.* 'Tis a most astonishing Thing, Mr. *Lovewell*, that a Man of my Father's Fortune shou'd wander about the Town in such a mean and contemptible Disguise.

*Love.* I really cannot imagine what End or Advantage he can have in so doing.

*Leon.* Lord, Sir, 'tis nothing but a Whim of his; he does it purely for his Diverſion and Amusement; and I have often heard him say, he never was so happy in any other Character: Nay, he has carried it so far as to make this Resolution; that if ever I marry any thing but a Beggar, he'll certainly disinheret me.

*Love.* Then am I most unhappy!  
I that have roamed o'er a Sea of Doubts,  
Amidst tempestuous Hurricanes and Storms;  
And stem'd the roaring Tide of Difficulties;  
Now bordering on the Shore of Certainty  
To meet with Shipwreck! (oh, most cursed  
Fate!)

And perish in the Haven!

*Leon.* Nay, Sir, if you have that ardent Affection for me which you pretend you have, you may find some Method to make our Marriage practicable; for real Love never wants for Invention. Suppose you were to assume a Beggar's Habit; that's the most probable Means I  
can



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can think of: And, you may depend upon it, my Assistance shall not be wanting.

*Love.* I swear by Heav'n, for a Reward like thee,

I'd suffer Hunger, Infamy, and Cold;  
And, though a Stranger to Reproach and Scorn,  
I'll bear it with a *Stoic's* Resolution.

*Leon.* Well, I assure ye, Sir, my Happiness depends upon your Success.

*Love.* But where may I find your Father?

*Leon.* I fancy in the Mall; that is his usual Haunt at this Time of Day.

*Love.* Well, I'll lose no Time.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Limp and two Gentlemen.*

*1st Gent. to the 2d.* This Action, Sir, shews you are a Man of no Honour.

*2d Gent.* Demme, Sir, what d'ye mean by that? I'll lay Five Pounds I can make it appear that my Principles of Honour are superior to your's.

*Limp balts up to them.* Ay, the Lord bless both your Honours—Pray, good Gentlemen, give a small Matter to a poor old Cripple—if you'll bestow your Charity, Gentlemen, I'll put an End to your Dispute, and make it plainly appear which of you two are Men of the greatest Honour.

*2d Gent.*

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2d Gent. Ay, what are you, old Daddy?

Limp. It signifies nothing what I am; I tell you I am able to determine that Point.

2d Gent. Let's hear it then, and I'll give you a Shilling.

1st Gent. And so will I too.

Limp. Then I must beg each of ye to shew me your Coat of Arms.

1st Gent. (*strikes him*) There you old Rascal—now I won't give you a Farthing for your Impudence.

[Exit 1st Gent.]

Limp. Oh! oh! there's no *Honour* to be got in striking an old Man.

2d Gent. 'Faith I am so well pleased with the Jest, that I'll give ye more than I promised—here, old Cock's two Shillings for ye.

Limp. Heav'n reward ye, my good Master.—Now, Sir, I must give my Opinion in favour of the Gentleman who is gone, that he is the Man of the greatest Honour, because he *only promised*; but you are so mechanical as to *perform your Promise*; and therefore far inferior to him in Point of *Honour*.

2d Gent. I confess he's a Fellow of an infinite deal of Humour. (*aside*)—Pray, honest Man, how come you to be reduced to so low an Ebb of Fortune as to be obliged to ask Charity.

Limp. Why, Sir, a most melancholy Affair happened.—You must know I was a Poet: and having a prodigious inclination to climb to the Top of *Parnassus*, in the Attempt I fell  
down

down and broke one of my Legs. This, Sir, totally ruined me for a Poet; for the Muses will never grant Inspiration to a Cripple. However, as it happened, it was a very lucky Thing; for by Poetry it was a confounded hard Shift for me to live, and this broken Leg is as good as an Estate; for being thus qualified to beg, I get as much Money as half the Poets in Town—Now, Sir, as I have told you what I was, I hope you won't be offended if I presume to ask you what you are?

*2d Gent.* Why, I belong to the Law, Fellow.

*Limp.* Faith, I thought so; for there's Justice and Equity in your Face—(*aside*) I don't say in his Heart—Well, Sir, as you are a *Lawyer*, and I a *Pauper*, I hope you'll be so generous as to give me your Advice without a Fee. I'll open the whole State of my Case to ye, Sir. When I was an House-keeper, having a Pane of Glass broke in a One-pair-of-stairs Window, I sent for a Glazier to mend the same, who accordingly came; but, before he had quite finish'd, he fell down into the Street, and pulled the Sash down with him. In which Fall he not only broke his Neck, but also broke the Sash into near a thousand Pieces. Now, Sir, as he died in the Fall, I immediately went and feed Counsel to instruct me how to recover Damages; and he advis'd me to commence an Action against this Glazier's Heir at Law. / I did so; and the Cause came

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to a Hearing in the Court of *Common-Pleas* before the Lord Chief Justice COUNTERPOISE; when (after hearing what was alledged by Counsel on both Sides) HIS LORDSHIP decreed, that, I should go up to the Defendant's Window, and fall down into the Street with one of his Sashes. Pray now, Sir, do you think this Decree equitable? Do you think it worth Ten Pounds? for it cost me that at least.

2d Gent. I declare the Fellow is quite a Humourist. (*aside.*)

Limp. As the Case stands thus, Sir, if you'll get me admitted to sue in *forma pauperis*, I'll appeal to the Court of Chancery to have the Decree revoked.

2d Gent. You are a damn'd satirical Rascal.

[Exit.]

Limp. I thought the Word *pauper* wou'd drive him away if any thing wou'd; and I wanted him gone to have a little Talk with this *Mademoiselle* that's coming.

Enter a French Woman.

The Lord bless ye, Madam.

Woman. *Eb bien, miserable, que demand tu? Vat you ask Charité?*

Limp. *Oui, Madam.*

Wom. *Vat, you speak la French Tongue?*

Limp. No, Faith, Madam, I wish I cou'd; for I'm a true *Englishman*; I love any thing that bears a *French Name*. We *Englishmen* love



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love *French* Wine, *French* Dishes, and *French*—the Devil knows what. In short, the *French* Fashions are become so very common in this Town, that there are very few Gentlemen but what wear *French* Linings to their Breeches—Do pray, dear Madam, bestow your Charity; if 'tis but one single Farthing: for a Farthing from a Foreigner is better than a Shilling from one of my own Country—Do, the Lord bless ye, do.

Wom. *Non, Monsieur le Coquin, Je ne veut pas. You be one Villain, un Bureau. Allez a la Diable, Devil take you, Sir, impudent Villain! Vat you mean to affront me sans occasion? voleur!*  
[Exit French Woman.]

Limp. 'Egad, I've put Mademoiselle in a Passion—Well, 'Faith, it is bloody cold standing still; I'll take a Walk up the *Mall* to warm myself.  
[Exit Limp.]

## SCENE IV.

*Leonora and Lovewell disguised, as having lost one Arm.*

Love. Who would not thus endure a base Disguise,  
Thereby to gain so glorious a Prize?

C 2

Leon.

*Leon.* Now, Sir, I am convinced you love me.

*Lov.* What didst thou ever doubt it?

*Leon.* No, I cannot say I ever did; but 'tis a common Error in our Sex to be too credulous.

*Lov.* Oh *Leonora*!

If I have utter'd forth one single Word  
But just a perfect Index of my Heart,  
Let Heav'n enraged show'r down Curses on me,  
And cover me with Leprosy and Boils;  
Nay, worse—Let me have thy Displeasure.

*Leo.* I am extremely sorry, Sir, that you should go through such a Scene of Woe upon my Account.

*Lov.* My Dear, this Kiss o'er-pays it all.  
(*Kisses her.*)

When Age, with Silver Hairs, hath crown'd  
our Heads,

And am'rous Fires are dwindled into Friendship,

On this Adventure we'll reflect with Pleasure,  
And entertain us, and our Friends, with Mirth.  
To tell the Oddity of this Intrigue.

But, I must go, my Love, and strive to find  
thy Father. [*Exit.*]

*Leon.* And Heav'n's crown thy Labour with  
Success. Alas! what extravagant Whims some  
old People have! but, I think I never heard of  
any thing more extraordinary than this of my  
Father's. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE V.

*Limp singing.*

*Thus plac'd below Envy, and deaf to all Scorn,  
No happier Mortal sure ever was born;  
Tho' begging I wander, disguis'd and unknown,  
Thank Heaven, I've Money and Land of my own.  
Derry down, down, down derry down.*

*Enter an Irishman.*

The Lord blefs ye, worthy Sir, bestow your Charity! Look with an Eye of Pity upon a poor old distress'd Cripple; the Lord grant you may never be lame. Do, pray, Sir, bestow a small Matter.

*Irish.* Arrah, now, hold your Peash, Joy—I am every Day teaz'd out of my Life by you poor Beggars—for though they never saw me before, they know me again—that is, because I am charitable—There's an old Fellow at the End of *Lincoln's-inn-square*, who is so lame; he cannot stand; and yet, when I go strait across the Square, he follows me all round from one End to t'other; and if I have no Money in my Pocket, he won't be easy till I give him a Half-penny or a Penny.

*Limp.*

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*Limp.* As you are so charitably disposed, Sir, I hope you'll bestow a small Matter upon me.

*Irish.* What wou'd you have me give away all that I have?

*Limp.* Yes, Sir, and live upon the rest.

*Irish.* Well, here's a Penny for you; (*giving him a Penny*) but don't lay it out in Drams. —If you are thirsty, by some Bread and Cheese; and if you are hungry, by some *small Beer*; —but don't fool it away.

*Limp.* I return you a Brace of Thanks, Sir; one for your Penny, and the other for your Advice. —And now I entreat your Charity in behalf of that blind Man yonder, and hope you'll give him a Penny too.

*Irish.* By *Shaint Patrick* I will not, for I'll go back again; because, if this blind Man shou'd happen to see me, he will make me give him shomething. [Exit.]

*Limp.* It is something very extraordinary, that an *Irishman* cannot help betraying what Countryman he is, by his ridiculous Bulls and Inconsistencies.

Here comes a Brother Trade.

*Enter Lovewell.*

Well, Brother, what Success?

*Lowe.* 'Faith, Daddy, very indifferent; I am but a young Beginner, and have been so much used



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used plain Dealing, that, Devil take me, if I can cant or whine worth a Ha'penny.

*Limp.* O, ye Blockhead! If that's the Case, you are no more fit for a Beggar, than—than an honest Man is for a Lawyer, or a Man of Sincerity for a Courtier. Yet, you are not so old but you may learn.

*Lov.* True; and, as you are an experienc'd old Cock, I wish you wou'd set me a Lesson, or two.

*Limp.* With all my Heart; but you must be very attentive, if you have a Mind to arrive at any Perfection in the Art of Begging.

*Lov.* Well, I will.

*Limp.* Come, take Notice—The Lord bless ye, Sir, bestow your Charity; the Lord bless ye, Madam, bestow your Charity. Now try what you can do.

*Lovewell* imitates him awkwardly. The Lord bless ye, Sir, bestow your Charity; the Lord bless ye—

*Limp.* Pshaw! Pshaw! Pshaw! that will never do—Come, come, try again.

*Lov.* The Lord bless ye, Sir, bestow your Charity; the Lord bless ye, Madam, bestow your Charity.

*Limp.* Well, that's something better; you begin to improve; but you have not yet got the right hypocritical Whine: Observe me now: The Lord bless ye Sir, bestow your Charity.

*Lov.* Now, I believe I can do it pretty well,  
(repeats the same.)

*Limp.*

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*Limp.* Pretty well, pretty well—Here comes a young Gentleman, see what you can make of him.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Lov.* The Lord bless ye, Sir, bestow your Charity,

*Gent. strikes him.* There, you hypocritical Rascal. *[Exit.*

*Lov.* Oh, oh, Wounds!

*Limp.* I knew you wou'd get something.

*Love.* This is confounded poor Encouragement, tho'!

*Limp.* Not at all; for if that Blow had been upon your Face, it would have been of great Service to you: For a bruised Cheek, or a black Eye, wou'd make you a much greater Object of Charity—Pray, now Brother, what's your Name?

*Lov.* My Name's *Tom*, Daddy; honest *Tom*.

*Limp.* Can you sing?

*Lov.* No.

*Limp.* Then I'll tell you how we'll order it. I'll counterfeit Blindness and sing about the Streets, and you shall lead me instead of another Dog—I wou'd say, instead of a Dog: So, if you will, we'll commence Comrades; and I don't fear but we shall meet with pretty good Encouragement; for the Blind always get more Money than the Lame. What d'ye say *Tom*, will ye?

*Lov.*

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*Lov.* Ay, with all my Heart and Soul.

*Limp.* And, in order to excite Compassion, assure them, that I have lost my precious Sight in the late Wars at Sea, by a Blast of Gunpowder ; and intreat them to bestow their Charity upon a poor Soul who has lost his Eyes in the Service of his Country, and now wanders about the World in perpetual Darknefs.

*Lov.* I'll take particular Care to observe your Directions.

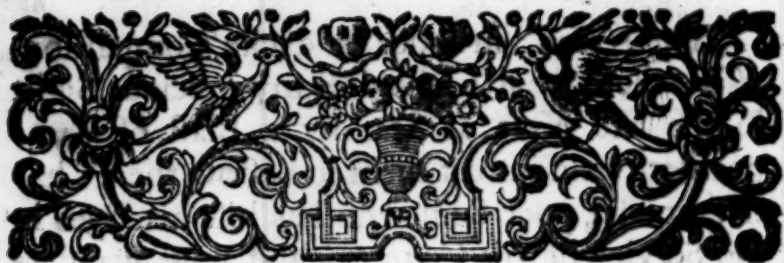
*Limp.* Follow me then to my Landlady's.

*And there we'll take a Cogue of Gin,  
To keep our Bodies warm within.*

[Exeunt.]

D

A C T



A C T II.



S C E N E I.

*A Company of Beggars drinking Gin.*

S O N G.

**F**O R all the Claret and Champaigne  
I wou'd not give a Pin;  
Ther's nothing can my Palate please  
Like humming British Gin.

And a toping we will go, will go, will go.  
And a toping we will go.

If Gripes or grievous Cholick Pains  
Your Body e'er should seize,  
Come take a Cogue of this, my Boys,  
It soon will give you ease:  
And, &c.

*Tho'*



*Tho' Madam Prudish, scoffing cries,  
 " I can't endure the Smell,"  
 Yet, when she gets behind the Door,  
 She likes it wond'rous well.  
 And, &c.*

*Come, let us drink, both Young and Old,  
 And then we've nought to fear,  
 For this will keep out Wind and Cold,  
 And all our Spirits cheer.  
 And, &c.*

*Limp sings. Tune of I love Sue.*

*No Princes in Europe than us are more blest,  
 We rise without Care, without Care go to Rest ;  
 We rise, &c.  
 We dance, and we drink, and we jovially sing.  
 If so happy a Beggar, who'd wish to be King ?  
 If so, &c.  
 Chorus.*

*Limp. Now for a Dance, and then we'll  
 each go and take our Stand.*

*All. Ay, ay, by all means, a Dance.*

*Two blind Fiddlers play, and the rest dance ;  
 some with Crutches, some blind, &c.—then  
 Exeunt.*

## S C E N E II.

*Leonora.*

*Leon.* Thus, when a Client in a doubtful  
Cause,  
Th' Event of which will make him rich and  
great,  
Or else reduce him to oppressive Want:  
Oh! how those tort'ring Passions, Hope and  
Fear,  
Must combat in his Breast; when Happiness,  
Or dire Despair, must certainly succeed!—  
My Case is such—My Happiness, or Woe;  
My Life or Death, doth totally depend  
Upon my Father's absolute Decree.  
If he admits my Title to my *Loverwell*,  
Then am I blest beyond the Reach of Thought!  
If not—I'm plung'd in th' Abyss of Misery!  
Was ever Wretch like me! My aged Father,  
And one far dearer to my Soul than Life,  
Like Vagabonds are roaming o'er the Town  
Intreating Charity! And shall I be deck'd  
With costly Pearls, and clad in stubborn Silks;  
And thus enjoy the Sweets of Indolence;  
Whilst they endure th' Inclemency of Cold,  
And Wind, and Rain; the constant Retinue  
Of this hard Season?—No: 'tis most unworthy.  
Obedience bids me share a Father's Fate,  
And be a Beggar too.—And so I will.

Since

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Since *Love* and *Duty* call me, I'll obey,  
And with the Object's Will for ever stray.  
[Exit.]

S C E N E III.

*Limp down upon his Knees as a blind Man,*  
*Lovewell begging for him.*

*Lov.* Shut your Eyes, shut your Eyes, here's  
somebody coming.

*Enter a Lady.*

The Lord blefs ye, Madam, bestow your  
Charity upon a poor old Soul that has lost his  
Eye-sight in the late War, by a Blast of Gun-  
powder; do, pray Madam, do; and Heaven  
will reward you.—Have Pity upon a Person  
that has lost his Eye-sight in his Country's Ser-  
vice!

*Lady.* Ay, the Lord blefs him, poor Soul,  
I pity him with all my Heart.

*Lov.* But, Madam, your *Pity* won't fill his  
Belly; a *Ha'penny* wou'd do him more good.

*Lady.* Indeed I have no Farthings.

[Exit.]

*Limp.* Ay, *Tom*, if People were as generous  
of their Money, as they are of their Pity, I  
should

should have been as rich as an Emperor before now. But Pity comes from the Tongue, and Money comes from the Pocket—the Heart, and——

*Enter two Constables and Beadle.*

*Bead.* Constables, I charge ye, secure these two Fellows, for they are Impostors; this old Villain here pretends to be both deaf and blind, and I am ready to make Oath that he can hear and see, as well as I can—and that lusty young Rascal, who pretends to have lost his Arm, has only hid it under his Coat—I say secure 'em.

*(they seize, and lead out Limp and Lov.)*

*Limp.* But pray now, Gentlemen, if I am not blind, what Occasion have you to lead me?

*All.* Come along, come along! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE



## S C E N E IV.

*Justice Impartial solus.*

*Jus.* Thank Heaven, I have always acted with Justice and Equity in the Execution of my Office, according to the best of my Judgment; and if I have ever erred in the Administration of Justice, it proceeded from my Ignorance, not my Intention; for I confess I am not very well acquainted with the Laws of the Kingdom: But, however, as I have made Reason my Law, I don't think I've been guilty of any great Errors.

*Enter Constables and Beadle with Limp and Lov.*

*Jus.* What have you brought here?

*Bead.* An' please your Worship, Sir, a Couple of Cheats: This old Fellow here counterfeits Blindness in order to deceive People, and make 'em think him a real Object of Charity—and—

*Limp.* Well, an' please your Worship, is it any Crime for a Man to shut his Eyes? Sure there's no Act o' Parliament against it, is there?

*Jus.*

*Jus.* But for what Purpose or Design d you shut your Eyes?

*Limp.* Why—to prevent my seeing, an' please your Worship.

*Jus.* Ay! and why so? I never heard of any Man before that chose to lose his Eye-sight.

*Limp.* Then, you may depend upon it, I had some very great Reason, or else I shou'd not have done it.

*Jus.* Well, if you can assign any Reason to justify your doing so, let me hear it.

*Limp.* Why, an' please your Worship, I—I did it to prevent my being tempted to do what I shou'd not do—Do you think any Person can behold the charming Beauties of some of our Town Ladies, and not be tempted to Wickedness? For my own Part, tho' I am an old Man, at so moving a Sight, I can't help sinning in Thought—That's one Reason, an' please your Worship, why I shut my Eyes. Another is this; it grieves me to the very Soul to see Merit in Rags, and Villany with a splendid Equipage—and that a Man must often see unless he shuts his Eyes—I cou'd mention many other Things too tedious to trouble your Worship with; but what I've said I hope is sufficient to justify my shutting my Eyes.

*Bead.*

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*Bead.* An' please your Worship he said he was deaf too.

*Jus.* What have you to say to that?

*Limp.* Why, Sir, I am deaf sometimes; but that is when I stop my Ears with Wool to avoid some People's Impertinence; and I wish, with all my Heart, I had done so before I come here—

*Jus.* Away with these Fellows to *Bridewell*.

*Limp to Lov.* Say I'm mad, *Tom*; say I'm mad.

*Lov.* I hope your Worship won't be offended at any thing this Man says; for he's a Lunatic, and I am his Keeper; but, through the Indulgence of his Committee, I have Orders to suffer him to do any thing he desires: And To-day nothing would serve him but he must wander about disguised as a blind Beggar; and insisted upon my hiding one of my Arms to lead him—I do assure ye, Sir, 'tis all the Effects of his Madness.

*Limp.* I mad!—what d'ye mean by that?—'Tis false, Sir, absolutely false—Mad though! Upon my Honour, Sir, there's nothing in it—I am come to talk to your Worship about some very particular Business—You must know, Sir, his Infernal Highness the Devil made me a Visit this Morning; and honoured me with his Company for several Hours; and really I think him

a very sociable agreeable Companion—At first, his Devilship express'd an entire Satisfaction at the Life of a Gentleman : For (says he) they taste pure Happiness and Pleasure without the least Interruption or Restraint. They won't suffer themselves to be tormented with that Interloper, REASON—I told him they were much to be commended—Certainly, says he, for no Man, but a Fool, would let REASON oppose his Inclinations ; a Gentleman would say, damn REASON, I'll dethrone it ; it sha'n't reign over me ; my *Inclinations* and *Passions* shall govern me—Don't you think *His Highness* talks in a very elegant Stile, and much to the Purpose ? for it must certainly be a great Restraint to a Gentleman to submit himself to *Reason* ; 'tis putting a Check to his *Inclinations*, and—

*Jus.* I believe he is mad, indeed. (*aside.*)

*Limp.* Upon the whole, Sir, I like his Devilship wonderfully ; I'm not in the least surpris'd that he is so much admir'd : And, as a further Proof of his Affection for us, he told me, as *Reason* was so great an Interrupter of his Subject's Pleasure, that an Edict should issue from under his infernal Seal to forbid the Use of it on pain of *His Highness's* Displeasure—What can be a greater Demonstration of his Respect for us ? For *Reason* is, without Doubt, the most unsociable Pedant tolerated ; 'tis a profess'd Enemy to modern Pleasure, and is as much beneath a Gentleman as Sincerity—

*Jus.*



*Jus.* He's certainly mad; there's no Doubt to—

*Limp.* I wish his Devilship had seen you, Sir, for he has a particular Respect for Justices of the Peace—

*Jus.* Acquit 'em, acquit 'em.

*Limp.* (*aside.*) 'Faith I've out-witted his Worship.

[*Exeunt all but Justice.*

*Jus.* Well, I think I have done right; for as I remember, a Lunatic is exempt from Punishment, be his Crime ever so heinous: However, I'll go and inform myself by *Burn's Practical Justice*, that I may act with more Certainty in such Cases for the future.

[*Exit.*

E 2

SCENE

## S C E N E V.

*Leonora disguised as a Beggar.*

*Leo.* Now who can know me from a common Beggar?

This shews the Vanity of human Grandeur.  
 Dress up a Peasant in a Prince's Robe,  
 And he appears like Majesty itself;  
 And from the Populace receiveth Homage,  
 As tho' a real King. But if a Prince  
 Appears in Peasant's Garb, his State's eclips'd,  
 Nor can the most discerning Eye behold  
 Ought to distinguish him from common Swains,  
 In Nature's Mould we all are cast alike;  
 Nor is she more profuse to Lord than Page.  
 Since then the World regardeth but Appearance,  
 Why shou'd I wander out thus meanly clad,  
 When I am certain I shall meet Reproach?  
 But Love is such a Tyrant in my Breast,  
 The Edge of Reason's Sword is rendre'd blunt.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

*Limp and Lovewell.*

*Limp.* That was a bloody good Scheme, was not it, *Tom*, for me to get acquitted?

*Lov.* Ay, *Limp*, an excellent one; and 'Faith you did it so well, that any body would have thought you really was mad.

*Limp.* Ay, ay, let old *Limp* alone for Contrivance. I have been so much used to these Things, that I always invent something or other to get released—Ha! who comes here?

*Enter Leonora.*

*Limp.* I think I shou'd know that Face.

*Leo.* I believe you do, Sir.

*Limp.* And that Voice to.

*Leo.* Ay, Father, and if you were as well acquainted with my Heart, I'm sure you would pity me.

*Limp.* Ha! what my Daughter! Now thou art a worthy Child; I see thou'rt not ashamed of thy Father—But what didst thee say, Child, about thy Heart? Hast got the Heart-burn?

*Leo.*

*Leo.* Ay, Sir, it may very properly be called the Heart-burn; for it smarts most grievously; and the Flame is so pure, that it is not to be extinguished.

*Lov. aside.* Gallant Girl!

*Limp.* Explain thyself, Child, I don't understand thee.

*Leo.* Why, Sir, my poor Heart that was once all Duty, is now divided between Love and Duty; and 'tis hard to tell which possesseth the greater Share.

*Limp.* Thou speak'st so ambiguously, Child, that I don't understand thee yet—But I suppose thou hast taken a Fancy to some tawdry Fop that spends half his Time in adjusting his Perriwig, and viewing his Baboon Face in the Looking-glass.—Tell me, is not it so?

*Leo.* No, indeed, I should despise a Man with such Effeminacies.

*Lov.* Oh Extacy! (*aside.*)

*Limp.* Well, Daughter, it signifies nothing talking, for I am determined you shall be married to that Man (*pointing to Lovewell*) otherwise, I do assure ye, I'll never give you a Farthing, nor suffer you to come near me again so long as you live.

*Leo.* Well, Sir, as it is your Desire, I have no Objection to it. As I have hitherto always been



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been obedient to your Commands, I will not begin to be undutiful now.

*Love.* The Plot takes excellently. (*aside.*)

*Limp.* Well, *Tom*, what do you say? How should you like to be married to this dowdy Daughter of mine!—If you'll consent to such a Union, I'll balance all her Imperfections (if she has any) with a Fortune of Ten Thousand Pounds—Nay, don't start! and seem to be so much surpris'd, for I assure ye I am Master of above twice Ten Thousand.

*Lov.* But are you really in earnest?

*Limp.* I am upon my Honour, without any Equivocations.

*Lov.* Well, then, *Sir Anthony Oddity*, as I know you are a Gentleman of too much Honour to go from your Word, I'll relate the whole Affair to you—I am but an artificial Beggar as well as yourself. My Name is *Lovewell*—

*Limp.* *Lovewell*!—What are you any way related to my good old Friend, *Sir Francis Lovewell*?

*Lov.* I am his Son, Sir; but your Daughter and I having conceived a mutual Inclination for each other, and being acquainted with your Resolution, that you would not suffer her to marry any Thing but a Beggar, we invented this Method to cheat you of your Consent.

*Limp.*

*Limp.* Well, Sir, as I have given my Word, I am far from desiring to retreat; and as you are the Son of my worthy old Friend, you are heartily welcome to her, and Ten Thousand Pounds—But arn't you a sad Jade now, Daughter, to fling your old Daddy thus?

*Leon.* Sir, as it was the Effects of a pure, but violent Passion, I hope you will be so generous as to pardon me.

*Limp.* Pardon ye, Child! ay, with all the Freedom imaginable.

*When mutual Love, and passionate Desire,  
Within two Breasts create an equal Fire,  
They'll find out Methods to obtain their Ends,  
Tho' they offend their best and dearest Friends.  
No Act of Parliament can Love subdue,  
For real Love no Limits ever knew.*



# EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *LEONORA.*

*WELL—Now I've done with shamming  
Beggar,*

*The Scene is chang'd, and I must swagger.*

*I've laid my tatter'd Rags aside,*

*And quickly shall become a Bride.*

*What Woman would not Scorn endure,*

*Like me, to make a Lover sure?*

*Ye Belles in Boxes or the Pit,*

*Can you condemn my treach'rous Wit?*

*Who could not thus invent a Plan,*

*Deserves to go without a Man;*

*And nightly lie in Virgin-Sheets,*

*Withouth a Youth to quench their Heats.*

*I'd run thro' Water, Dens, or Fire,*

*To gain the Man that I admire;*

*Or rather disregard my Duty,*

*Than lose, by Time, my Youth and Beauty.*

*When*

U. E.  
Pipe and Jug,  
With much Youth Care,  
For Dad's Consent,  
You'll perhaps lament,  
When the Autumn of your Age,  
You can no vig'rous Youth engage;  
And then, poor antiquated Belle!  
Must deign to lead the Apes in Hell.

Take my Advice—indulge your Passion;  
Nor never cross your Inclination:  
Should Dad and Mammy disapprove  
Thy Union, with the Man you love,  
By my Example, learn to cheat 'em,  
In spite of all their Care defeat 'em,  
Thus, when the Knot is safely ty'd,  
And you're a consummated Bride,  
This Step they know they can't retrieve,  
And therefore will the Crime forgive.



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